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BY
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Editor, Publisher and Proprietor.
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Good Stabling and a careful hostler.
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An excellent assortment of
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Constantly kept on hand, one door N. of Mansion House. Watches will be disposed first, according to moderate prices.
All Repairs Executed with Neatness and Despatch.
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One Door South of the Market
N. B.—Razors and Scissors Ground on Short Notice
LADIES' DEPARTMENT,
Switches, Braids, Curls, Frizzes,
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Good Rubbers from the best made up for Seventy per dozen.
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UNDERTAKER,
MAIN ST. NORTH, NEWMARKET,
Begs to intimate his thankful friends and customers that he has now on hand a full assortment of
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
On short notice will be disposed of at the
Lowest Prices for Cash.
The Undertaking Department is not neglected and will be kept well supplied with every requisite. Hearses and all other necessaries used to be now prepared to furnish.
A First-Class Hearse.
Mr. R. begs to thank the Public for the Liberal Patronage bestowed on him for the last twenty years, and hopes by strict attention to the business, to merit a share of the same.
Newmarket, Dec. 1, 1878.

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THE undersigned has respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Newmarket and surrounding vicinity, that they have opened a
NEW DRESS-MAKING ESTABLISHMENT,
In the rooms OVER MR. MUNN'S STORE, where they hope, by careful attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Ladies, don't forget the place, and give them a call.
MISSES BODGINS & CANE.
Newmarket, May 4, 1878. 18tf

BENTLEY'S Agate Cure and Blood and Nerve Tonic, is the best medicine for Ague, Dumb Ague, and all impurities and other complaints, caused by Malaria.—For Neuralgia it has no equal, taken at short time, it not only relieves, but cures the worst cases of Neuralgia. It is a powerful and pleasant tonic, and will be sent to anyone on receipt of $1 a bottle, or three bottles for $2, by addressing Benjamin Bentley, Newmarket, Ont. It is the cheapest and best. Prize of same per bottle. 1y

MARRIAGE LICENSES AT THE ERA OFFICE.

Poetry.

VEGETINE

I MADE UP MY MIND TO TRY THE VEGETINE.

BUFFALO, Dec. 27, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS,

DEAR SIR—I parade at 24th, Niagara St., of this city. I am 58 years of age. Several years past I have been in failing health. My complaint is what the doctors call Glandular Disease of the Spine. At times I suffered severe pains in my loins and back. I used a number of remedies without receiving any benefit. My attention was called to your advertisement of VEGETINE. In the spring of last year, I made up my mind to try the VEGETINE, once and bought some. It seemed to help me from the first, and in a short time my health improved. I used a number of bottles, and am now enjoying better health than I have for a number of years. I have recommended the VEGETINE to my sister and also to several acquaintances, and they have used it with equally good results. It is the best medicine I have ever taken, and I believe that if the System than I know of, and I do such great confidence recommend it to all my friends as a good medicine. I would also state that for a great many years I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia, and since I commenced using the VEGETINE I have had but very slight indigestion. It is a very respectfully,

MR. SAMUEL GREENE.

I am personally acquainted with Mrs. S. Greene, and know her as a reliable and honest lady, and know that the above statement is true. Yours, respectfully,

DR. E. SMITH,
Dispensing Druggist, 420, Niagara Street.

VEGETINE
MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD, Solution Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint.

MCGRANSON, Iowa, Nov. 11, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS,

DEAR SIR—About the first of November, 1876, I was attacked with what is termed Sciatic Rheumatism commencing in the hip joint and extending to my ankles, which at times was very painful, causing lameness and preventing sleep at night, and at times preventing me from labor of any kind. After applying different remedies of almost every kind recommended, I could get no relief. I then commenced using your VEGETINE about the first of March last, and have continued to use it until the present time. Now I do not consider myself a Rheumatic left, in fact I think myself entirely cured. I shall use your VEGETINE, and I have, every drop of this good medicine is more valuable than its weight in gold.

ALONZO COLE.

I know this man to be a truthful, reliable man.

H. S. NEWELL,
Druggist, Main St.

VEGETINE,
HAS NOT ITS EQUAL FOR
CONSUMPTION.

SALINA, ALL, May 12, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS,

I take great pleasure in recommending your Vegetine. I have been suffering for a long time with the Consumption of Lungs, every kind of medicine that I could get, but none seemed to do me any permanent good. I tried your great Vegetine remedy. I had used it only a short time before I could discover a very great change in my health for the better. I don't consider that your medicine has its equal, for the diseases which you propose to cure, especially the disease which I have been afflicted with.

JOHN THOMAS

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists

SCOTT'S EMULSION
PURE COD LIVER OIL
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA
Is recommended by the Medical Profession as the most perfect and palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, for Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and Wasting Diseases generally.
Scott's Emulsion is not a secret nostrum, but a combination of the two most valuable Medicines in the world, and is so well and favorably known that it only needs to be tried to prove its value.
Scott's Emulsion is now prepared by the Firm who first introduced Cod Liver Oil into America, and who have been engaged in the manufacture of Pure Cod Liver Oil for the last twenty years.
Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable, and can be taken by the most sensitive stomach.
Scott's Emulsion is recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the Dominion.
Scott's Emulsion is sold by all Druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

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O. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

BENTLEY'S CASTILIAN HAIR RESTORER.
Price 50 cents per bottle.
For changing gray hair to a natural color, promoting the growth, and restoring the green color. This preparation has no equal; it is the best, pleasantest and cheapest.

Select Reading.

Learning His Value.

Mr. Marcus Willkinson sat alone in his office, with a dainty little perfumed note between his fingers and a puzzled frown upon his brow. The note, directed in a graceful and feminine hand, was brief:

DEAR GRANDMA,—I will be at the office at ten in the morning, to consult you upon a matter of importance.

MILLIE.

"A matter of importance," muttered Mr. Willkinson, twisting the note nervously. "I'am my years before 7 Has Cyril Ormsby proposed to my pet? I am afraid he has. And what can I say! What can I urge against the man if Millie's own instincts have played her false? Ten o'clock."

The last silvery stroke of the mantle clock had not died away when the door of the office was opened by a clerk. Millie Bentley entered the room.

Just a few words to describe the ward of whom Marcus Wilkinson always thought as a pearl, a lily, everything that is fair. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with a thoughtful face of exquisite beauty. Very young only eighteen, Millie Bentley had become the sorrow of life. Her father having been wealthy, and failed in business and had committed suicide. Her mother, delicate and helpless, had fought poverty nobly for two years, and sinking under privation and hard toil had contracted a fatal disease. When all hope of life was over, the news came to Millie's ears, dying abroad, had left a large fortune to his only sister. A will was made by the dying woman, leaving her every penny of her independence to Millie, and appointing their old friend, Marcus Willkinson, guardian to the heiress.

Sorrowing and womanly beyond her years, Millie had turned from her one sorrow to a noble endeavor to solace those with whom her poverty had made her familiar. A cousin had come at Mr. Willkinson's request to make a home for his ward, and she returned many long uninterrupted studies. But a large portion of her time was spent in the humble house of those who had been her mother's friends in one dark days of her widowhood; and her gentle comfortative charities seem extended far beyond this old friend.

She had been so orphan two years on the day when she came to seek Mr. Willkinson, as already described, and the sorrow of her life had lost some of their bitter stings, leaving only a gentle sadness behind.

"Well, Millie," the old gentleman said, "what brings me the pleasure of seeing you to day?"

"It is about myself," Millie said, the softest rose-tint, flushing her cheeks.

"Dear me! I didn't know you ever took such an insignificant person into consideration at all."

"Now, Uncle Marc, please don't tease."

"She wants something enormous," said the old gentleman, addressing the world in general. "Whenever I'm Uncle Marc, I know what to expect peak."

But just then the kindly man detected signs of trouble in Millie's face; and the jeeling voice was turned at once to one of tender gravity.

"What is it my child?"

"Cyril Ormsby came up to see me last evening, and he will come here to-day but I said he'd so yes you first. He wants me to be his wife, Uncle Marc, and"—she hesitated here—"you do not like him."

"Who told you that?"

"No one; but I see for myself."

"Well, you are right I do not like him. But my like or dislike has no control over you."

"No control!" Millie's voice was piteous.

"Please don't talk so. Leave to you as I would have gone to my father."

"There, dear, I was wrong. Well, Ma, what you would have told your father, do you now, Mr. Ormsby?"

"I think he is the noblest man I ever knew. If you could unite him with some of my poor people, how gentle, and courteous he is, you would bless him too. He has given me so much sympathy in my sorrow. Uncle Marc, feeling as I do, that the possession of great wealth is a trust, I would"

"And so wou your love?"

"My respect and admiration, uncle. I cannot realize that a man so noble and so good can really desire my companionship and help in this life. I am glad and proud to have been his confidante."

"Hem—you! Enthusiasm hat heart-whole," was Mr. Willkinson's mental comment. "Suppose you and I go for a walk," he added aloud.

"A walk," said Millie in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; I have a friend or two I should like to have you see. When we come back I'll tell you why I dislike Cyril Ormsby so. Put on your bonnetally, "you have not found out already."

It was not exactly just such a walk as one would have marked out for a gentleman's invitation to a young beautiful girl; but Millie was in the habit of obeying her guardian's arm, wondering a little but never hesitating, past the respectable portion of the city to a quarter known as the Factory Row, a place where Mr Wilkinson had never allowed his ward to go. For there are apt to be some very unpleasant diseases lurking there. It lay low and was unhealthy, and the lessons were of the meanest description.

"For a noble philanthropist, purely owning these factories and the quarter between his houses neglected," said Mr. Wilkinson, drylly. "I have an interest in the factories as you are aware, but do not yet know the condition of the buildings. They are all Cyril Ormsby's."

"Not!" Millie said eagerly, "these people will not let him benefit them. They use his charity for drink; they abuse any privilege he gives them. Why, he seems to be in his efforts to do them good."

"Oh, step in here."

Millie was in a moment, scantily furnished and cheerless. Upon a bed a woman lay, in the last stage of consumption. She looked up eagerly at Mr. Willkinson.

"I hope your better," he said kindly.

"I shall sooner be better. If I may die in peace, it is all I ask."

"Mr. Ormsby will not disturb you now?"

"Jennie has gone to him. Yesterday he sent word that if the rent was not ready to-day anywhere we need go. I have paid it regularly for five years, but he don't think of that. All Jennie made the last month she had to pay for her and her child, a boy fifteen, and her pay's small."

"What do you ask Ormsby?"

"Thirty shillings."

"And if he has not paid to-day he will put you on the street to-morrow?"

"He says the workhouse is the right place for paupers."

At this moment a slim, pale girl of fifteen came in crying bitterly.

"Mr Willkinson was out," the girl began, and then seeing who her visitors were she ceased suddenly.

"Oh, Mr. Willkinson, will not let mother be put in the street? I'll pay every penny, if you only will not till she is better, and I can get my toll time to work."

"Have you seen Mr. Ormsby today Jenolie?" the old gentleman asked kindly.

"Yes, sir. He said it was hard so time to pay."

"Did he say anything more? Tell me, child, the exact words."

"Oh, Uncle Marc," she added, forgetting in her grief, he is so cruel, so hard and so false to me"

"Wait," was the brief reply.

They went into the wide court yard in which stood the four great factories, the joint property of Marcus Wilkinson and Cyril Ormsby, long before divided by the partition walls, which separated of these two distinct departments one entirely under the control of the elder, the other of the younger man.

"Wilkinson's shrewd soft hearted cousin, as Ormsby mentally characterized him, had made this division absolutely necessary.

But was not into his own kindly governed, well ordered departments that Marcus Wilkinson led his ward. He turned into a small room, whose a pale man was busily engaged in writing, and at the same time overlooking the room where about seventy girls were at work before busily whirling machinery.

"Good morning, Watkins," the old gentleman said. "I was in hopes you were taking a holiday."

"I was, sir, yesterday, but I'm in a dejected tone." "I can't very well quit work sir. There's the wife and six little ones, you see."

"Have you told Mr. Ormsby that the doctor says your life depends upon a few weeks rest and pure air?"

"Yes, sir, he is not keeping me but he says if I go he must fill my place and that means starvation for my family. I could never get another situation, as feeble as I am now."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Watkins?"

"Seventeen years or thereabout sir. I was with old Ormsby before my uncle bought in."

"A faithful servant 17 years," said Mr. Wilkinson, in a low tone, "and a few weeks' rest may save his life."

At this moment Millie shrank a little nearer her guardian. Through the window from which Mr. Watkins overlooked the loom room, she could see Cyril Ormsby walking briskly about, his voice harsh and imperious, his gestures, and have been, keenly scrutinizing every item of the work. Not a face in the loom room, was brightened by the master. Fingers worked more rapidly, eyes were fastened more persistently upon the looms, and every one seemed aware of the master's presence. But Mr. Wilkinson observed the position expressed in the faces of his ward, and led Millin out of the room passage again to another work room.

It was too tedious a task to follow every step of these ladies as they passed from room to room, everywhere meeting some assurance of Mr. Wilkinson's own hold upon the hands, and the secret terror of Cyril Ormsby's harshness.

Out again among the squalid tenements, the guardian had his control but bestowed his kind charity without ostentation; and here more eloquently than stern Millie heard what a cold unloved world were all the schemes of charity and philanthropy that had been poured into her ears. It needed no spoken word from her guardian to tell her that the noble words uttered to win her were those of mere hypocrisy, while the poor hearts it could heal plead its cause with her.

One and another, turning to Mr. Wilkinson as to a friend, somewhere of the torture of their words to the kindly lady beside him, told cruel sensations of work in sickness and poverty, of the hopelessness of the time, of small wages and heavy rents.

"I've been out here here and pay, we get no place in the tenements," one said, when asked why he did not seek a more healthy quarter.

"I am doing extra work to pay for my child's funeral, another said. I lost the wages for three days. I stayed by to see her die and to bury her."

"I am uneasy about the rent," another said, "for I lost about a week by a fall on the ice and it is now about time it is up again."

"Not a word of kindly sympathy or help in trouble or sickness. The kindly another Cyril Ormsby was simply human machines, to do so much work, sick or well, or pay the price of an hour or two of idleness, no matter how much necessary such idleness might be.

There were no words spoken between the man Mr. Wilkinson and Millin entered the office again.

Once there, the guardian spoke very gravely.

"Do you see, guardian, Millie, I can speak to you no word against Ormsby. He is a rich man, of good social position, of irreproachable character, and yet he is a base coward in business circles is of the highest. A man who is a good match in every worldly sense. So much as your guardian, as your friend, my pearl, who loves you as your own father might have you, who knows every noble impulse of your pure soul—as that friend I tell you I would rather see you lying beside your mother than the broken-hearted wife of such a man as Cyril Ormsby."

"I came to you as a friend—as almost a father," said Millie, "and I thank you for keeping me from the loss misery. To know my husband such a man as I know Cyril Ormsby to be, would, as you say, break my heart."

"I would not tell you," said her guardian "for you know I disliked him, and might have thought my dislike prejudiced me. But Millie, you will not let this day's work shadow your life. You did and Cyril Ormsby Millie?"

"No, I did not. I reverenced nature. That reverence was a mockery. I shall never break my heart for him, and I thoroughly despise Uncle Marc."

And so it happened that Cyril Ormsby among the wealthy, for one he believed was within his grasp, met only Mr. Marcus Wilkinson, with Millie's polite but distant bow, and turned to herself or her fortune to his keeping.

But he never knew how it was that he learned the true value of the hollow words of charity and philanthropy.

"Skip the hard words, honey," said a schoolmistress to one of her pupils; "they're only the names of some foreign countries, and you will never be to them."

"Oh! I am so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?" Old Gent.—Well, I think a goose with plenty of stuffing is about as nice as any."

A Good Little Girl.

The Stanton family were seated in their pleasant breakfast room around a table spread with every luxury that could tempt a capricious appetite: Mr. Stanton, a rather stout gentleman of perhaps fifty years, read the morning paper while he waited for his chocolate, which the handsome, dignified lady of the house from behind a silver urn. It was a stringent rule in this household rather from and easy fashion that prevailed at breakfast, morning meal, it being the only one the father took with them; so there was a ready response when was here, in spite of the dark ring under the beautiful eyes that told of late hours the night before. So also was the young medical student, as only son; and in her corner seat her father was the baby and pet, child—the little fairy-like year-old girl who had been christened by the old-fashioned name of her grandmother, "Deborah," but which she herself had shortened with her baby tongue to "Deb."

"Are you reading of the fallow, pa?" inquired Arthur, who had just laid down his morning paper. "Quite surprising, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Stanton. "I should have thought of any house falling before Berwick & Son; but they have been going very fast lately."

"Dear me, Mr. Stanton!" exclaimed his wife, "you don't mean to say Berwick's have failed?"

Mr. Stanton at sudden glance toward Laura, who now looked up with arched brows, and face a shade paler than its wont.

"Why, Arnold Berwick was considered one of our best men."

"Well, mamma," and the clear, musical voice of Mrs. Stanton's youngest born, which that lady dreaded to hear sometimes, "does failing in business make him one of your best men?"

"Why, certainly not, dear; but, of course it changes his position in the world. Don't the old enough to understand it, Deb?"

Still that anxious look toward Laura, who gave no signs of the storm on her fair face, but a flutter of the heart. If she had ever loved anybody, it had been Arnold Berwick, and she knew that she and given him reason to believe it was hers. But she was old enough to know that this must all be forgotten now, and Stanton could not marry a poor man.

The struggle was not a very hard one, for Laura's cares was rather always to be first, and she had been well trained.

She was enabled very soon to lift her face to the inquiring eyes, and assuring smile and to say, lightly, "Too bad to fail just before the grand ball. He is the best dancer I know."

There was a clatter of dishes from Deb's corner, and the *infant terrible* was in her wrath.

"I am ashamed of you all!" she said vehemently. "When Mr. Berwick was a little richer, he was one of your best men, but, when he lost his here, mamma was pleasant to him; Laura danced with him, and let him make love to her; and Arthur was polite and talk with him. Now look at the difference! He is just as good as ever he was; and I'm going to treat him just as well, I never want to be a young lady if it makes me as cold hearted as you are, Laura."

"Mamma," said the young lady addressed, "can you teach that child a little reason."

And she swept indignantly from the room.

"Where are you going to lecture next week, Miss Stanton?" inquired Arthur, with mock politeness.

"Deborah," my child, you don't understand," began the mother; "Laura is interrupted rather shrubbily by this spoiled girl.

"You I do understand, mamma. Because Mr. Berwick is poor now, he must not be invited to your party more. I am glad I am a little girl I intend to be just as kind to him as I can."

There was actually tears in the big, childish blue eyes, and the little hoot heels were set down emphatically as she left the room in great ready for school.

"It is a good thing for you, my dear," said her father, laughing as she passed out, "that you are a lady. I fancy she will not be so easy to manage as Laura. Do you suppose there is any danger of all in that quarter."

"None whatever," said the mother. "Laura is too sensible, and too sensitive."

So the conversation ended.

Deborah went down the broad steps, out on the pavement, her heart still swelling with indignation, longing in some way to show her friend Arnold that she would not change, if all the world did. At school she heard the story repeated, and all the changes rung upon it.

"That Arnold Berwick always held his head so high," said one girl who had always been her great destination; "and now, just think, girls, he is a shopman at Millers."

"I suppose he will hold himself just as high over certain people as he ever did?" said Deb, sharply, and a little maliciously; for the young lady's father was more than suspected of having gained his fortune by crooked means. "This shows he's honest, at any rate and not going to cheat his creditors."

As she started home that evening, she hesitated, walked a few yards on the homeward way, and then turned resolutely back.

"I wonder if Arnold Berwick's home is here, I have heard where one rosy finger had worn its way through its kid covering; and I'm going to Miller's after them." So, a little later, Arnold Berwick was surprised to see a little figure in a navy-blue waterproof, walk up to his counter, and extend a little hard in a worn glove.

"Good evening, Mr. Berwick—and then the shy voice faltered, and "Mr. Stanton sends for you," finished the trembling red lips.

That was not what Deb intended to say, but it was now too late to recall it, and she looked up bravely into the brown eyes above her.

Arnold had not given way before to the pleasure of the catastrophe that had so tidily changed his fortune; but the firm lips trembled now under the dark moustache as he gave the little hand a warm pressure, wondering as he did so, if the elder sister would give him as cordial a greeting.

"You are very kind," he said.—"I have felt as though I had not many friends left; but I see there to be, I am sure, one in the family who can trust me."

"Yes; a pair of gloves."

He could not help thinking this only an excuse; but he found the number wanted, and watched her at them on. Then there was a little non-committal conversation about the weather, etc., and Arnold Berwick thought, as the bright, graceful figure disappeared, "Strange! I never noticed before what wonderfully tender eyes that child has!"

That evening Arnold Berwick's card was carried to Mr. Stanton's and returned with the chilling endorsement, "Not at home, although the gentleman could have sworn to the fair face as he accorded the step.

"So that dream is over," he said, with a sigh, as he left the house. "There is no truth or honor in woman. Good."

Then he thought of a pair of tender blue eyes, with a reproachful tears in their depths, and the words "I'm so sorry for you!" rang in his ears and he recalled the last bitter speech.

Almost every day he met Deb, and always there passed between them some little kind greeting, for now they felt like old friends, and Arnold came to watch for the little figure, and to be very lonely and about-minded when it did not come.

"It is wrong for me to go to Millers's so much," thought Deb. "But then I do want something almost every day, and it seems to there Mr. Berwick when I come to Millers's, as the same rays of the store, she came face to face with Arthur, who looked at her with a sneering laugh—looked at her from her brown ringlets, to her little boots, and then to the small boot, showing so plainly under the short dress.

"Dear, dear!" he said; "my little sister has made so early start in life! Is it the new goods or the new shopman that attracts you to Millers's so frequently, Miss Stanton?"

Deb's face flushed hotly; but she delayed him no answer, quickening her step to get out of his way. But he overtook her, and drew her hand in his.

"Not so fast, little sis," he said. "It is time your brother was taking care of you. I had no idea you had become a young lady so soon."

In a very coldly like manner the girl jerked her hand away from his clasp, and then as she stepped to her house and informed her that she had left something at the jeweler's. "Now let me see," she mused, "what can it be? Here is my pocket-book, and there on the sofa is my fan, and I have my gold watch on and my bonnet—why, where is my bonnet?—Oh, I fell off the table—and really I can't think what I have forgotten—Why to be sure! How absent-minded I am! I declare if I haven't forgotten my darling little babe!" And so she hurried out and nothing more.

Deb was in a little village on the Highland Line lived a worthy couple who were not always on the best of terms with each other. The husband was a very respectable man, a minister, and wishes him to separate from it was in his power. "No, no!" says the minister. "The Bible tells us, what God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and it says in another place, "that man shall leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." "Oh, she's no doubt! I'm not if you are good, partner house last night you would think there was twelve of one." "Well, but, in another place, it says, 'rebuke the devil and he will flee from you.' " "Oh she's no doubt! that neither, but when I'll resist her she'll flee at me."

Lieut. Governor Letellier's head is probably safe. It may now hold a place on the table, and be thought that he will be officially decapitated, despite the clamour the Tory organs are keeping up, and their profound confidence that Ottawa has to go. He has been hanging between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, ever since he turned out his Ministers, and it will, no doubt, be a great relief to him when the case is settled, and all the talk about him has ceased. Letellier's career shows us that even Lieut. Governors are not always happy, and that it is better to have contentment with a pair of $3.50 pants, than wear silk breeches and a cocked hat in the midst of hatred and woe.—*Telegram.*

Amusement.

An eloquent speaker is like a river—Greatest at the mouth.

Tell not your secrets in a cornfield; it has thousands of ears.

Late to bed and early to rise makes out the strongest constitution.

A Cincinnati type made it Miss May's Trousers," instead of Miss May's Trousseau." He preferred burial in a cornfield.

A lady at Portland, Me., called at a jewelry store, and after making a purchase went home and told her husband she called at her house and informed her that she had left something at the jeweler's. "Now let me see," she mused, "what can it be? Here is my pocket-book, and there on the sofa is my fan, and I have my gold watch on and my bonnet—why, where is my bonnet?—Oh, I fell off the table—and really I can't think what I have forgotten—Why to be sure! How absent-minded I am! I declare if I haven't forgotten my darling little babe!" And so she hurried out and nothing more.

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